UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

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Sacco - Vanzetti!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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Letters from China

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapters XXI and XXII

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1927 NUMBER 1

The Ballad of Charlestown Gaol

I

There's a chair for you, Vanzetti,
In a cold and empty room;
A chair aloof and lonely,
Like a spectre in the gloom;
A chair with open arms and wide,
To welcome you to doom.

II

They've made this chair, Vanzetti—
Good men, and strong, and true—
To manifest the will of God
On poor men such as you;
To show the Lord Christ lives again—
And dies, the Lord Christ, too!

III

In olden days, Vanzetti,
They used a cross instead;
They stretched a man upon its beams
By foot and hand and head,
And nailed him there with iron spikes,
Until his heart was dead.

IV

But now-a-days, Vanzetti,
Good men are very kind;
They offer you an easy-chair,
To sleep, if you're inclined;
With nice electric batteries
To soothe an anxious mind.

V

Great Caiaphas is Christian, now—
He heeds what Jesus says;
And Pilate, who is civilized,
Does justice all his days;
And even executioners
Have sweet and gentle ways.

VI

Yet cruel death is much the same
In any modern city;
The fires of fear and hate and lust
Consume all human pity;
And righteous mobs cry "crucify"
In Charlestown as on Calvary.

VII

And after-death is much the same,
For no men kill the soul;
They rend and burn and crush the flesh,
But leave the spirit whole;
And then strange wonders come to pass—
That men cannot control.

VIII

The buried dead lie not in peace
Within the quiet tomb;
Their broken lives are quickened,
They grope amid the gloom;
And, sudden, they are born again
From out a timeless womb.

IX

They rise, these dead, and walk the earth:
John Brown is marching on;
Shrewd Socrates is teaching still
How wisdom may be won;
The shining Christ is yet a light
For men to gaze upon.

X

They rise and shine, these noble dead,
Like planets in the sky;
They speak—and stricken nations hear
The Voice without reply;
They live—and all the world beholds
The Life that cannot die.

XI

There's a chair for you, Vanzetti,
In a house where angels tread;
A throne with thrones where sit the host
Who judge the quick and dead—
The martyr-host, whose sufferings
Divide the good and bad.

XII

Upon that throne, Vanzetti,
You'll sit the ages through;
And all the myriad sons of men
Will stand, and look on you—
The proud, to wither and fall down,
The meek, to live anew.

XIII

Look up, look up, Vanzetti,
Your chair is glowing bright;
Your prison-chamber, thronged with saints
Who welcome you tonight;
The forged lightnings of men's wrath,
God's baptismal of light!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Execution Day! (August 22, 1927)

We have more than once stated in these columns our conviction that Mahatma Gandhi should not come to America. He may well pray to be delivered from the friends who, for selfish purposes of their own mostly, urge him to cross the seas. We yield place to nobody in our eagerness to see Gandhi, and to extend him hospitality. But, for the present at least, his place is in India. That Gandhi himself sees this clearly is indicated in a recent letter which we print herewith as new evidence of the Mahatma's exceeding wisdom.

As at Ashram,
Sabarmati, 12-9-26.

Dear Friend:

I have your kind letter. Yours is the fourth invitation I have received to visit America. Somehow or other, I do not think as yet the call within. If I am to be guided by the mere desire, I should straightway respond to your invitation. But something within me tells me that I could not deliver my message more effectively by going to America than by living it myself here, however inadequately it may be.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) M. K. GANDHI.

The late Geneva Conference was something more than a failure. It not only closed the door on disarmament; worse than this, it opened the door wide on new and greater competitive building of ships and aeroplanes. Our last plight is therefore worse than our first. It were better that the Conference had never been held—to reveal, as it did, only misunderstanding, jealousy, suspicion, fear, as between what should be the two friendliest nations upon the surface of the globe. The very fact that the meeting never promised to lead to anything anyhow, would have taught men wiser than Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Baldwin to avoid it altogether. Now that the admirals have met, however, and snarled at one another, and gone home, disaster is full upon us. Every big-navy man in the country has leapt from his easy-chair in an ecstacy of joy, and begun his clamor for ships, more ships, and still more ships. The navy itself is on the alert, and every admiral is purring contentedly at the prospect of more and bigger fleets. Militaristic Congressmen are awake, chattering about big navy appropriations, and boasting as to what they are going to do to the treasury surplus. Already we are being told that all tax-reduction programs for 1928 have become impossible—that taxes may even have to be raised in order to enable us to compete with England on the seas. In Britain, meanwhile, the Tory Government of Churchill, Bridgeman and Co. may confidently be counted upon to hold up their end in the competitive game at any cost. Two friendly powers rushing frantically to build armed ships which they do not want and do not need—what a spectacle! It only goes to show how foolish, how mad it is, to seek peace by playing with war. Just so long as war is recognized at all, and its laws, methods and weapons tolerated, just so long will the world continue to move from catastrophe to catastrophe. There is only one peace move that is worth anything, and that is the direct frontal attack upon war itself as an institution. Outlaw it, and we shall get rid of it!

Pax International offers this country a pertinent reminder of a certain treaty now in existence as between the United States and the Republic of China. This treaty, know as the Bryan Treaty, which was ratified by the Senate in 1915, provides in Article I, as follows:

> Any dispute arising between the Government of the United States and the Government of the Republic of China, of whatever nature it may be, shall, when ordinary diplomatic proceedings have failed and the high contracting parties do not have recourse to arbitration, be submitted for investigation and report to a permanent international commission constituted in the manner prescribed in the following article.
>
> The high contracting parties agree not to resort, with respect to each other, to any act of force during the investigation to be made by the commission and before its report is handed in.

How has our government lived up to the pledge of this treaty which provides that, in "any dispute . . . of whatever nature," recourse shall be had to peaceful methods of adjudication, pending which there shall be no "resort . . . to any act of force"? About as well, we should say, as Germany lived up to her solemn pledge with regard to the neutrality of Belgium, in 1914! At last report, there were 3,675 marines on duty in China, or on their way to such duty. Some months ago, it was announced from Washington that "five thousand gas masks to equip marines in China (were being) furnished the marine corps by the army, and (would be) forwarded from army stores in the Philippines to Shanghai." Here, obviously, is preparation for something other than submission of the question in dispute "to a permanent international commission." Yet we doubt if America is wantonly and wickedly violating a treaty! What we have here is simply one more illustration of the inevitable breakdown, in sudden crisis, of all half-way methods of peace *under the existing war system.* Just so long as war is recognized as the legal and proper means of protecting rights and gaining desired ends in the last resort, just so long will war, or the threat of war, be appealed to as the first resort in cases of vast disorder as in China. Nothing avails, in other words, so long as war endures. There is only one way of making Bryan or any other such treaties effective, and that is by outlawing war. This done, however, there will, curiously enough, be no need of Bryan or other such treaties. For the outlawry of war does the whole business!

"Let's go home, Mama; I'm hungry," will doubtless go ringing down the corridors of time along with "Lafayette, we are here," and "Now, Queen, you said a mouthful." This was the burden upon the visceral consciousness of the poor little five-year-old Roumanian boy after they had finished the pompous ceremony of making him king. How puerile the king business is—literally, ludicrously puerile! And it is not unfateful

that the latest act in this opera-bouffe should be performed by a Hohenzollern. But the poor little lad is innocent—now!—even though he is a Hohenzollern. In view of his early innocence, his own and succeeding generations will excuse much of the folly and crime which he can scarcely escape. Think of this youngster's childhood! It has apparently been fairly normal during these five innocent years. He has romped about in more or less spacious grounds, with companions whom he loves—two or three of them Americans of his own age, children of the representative of the United States government at the Roumanian court—with whom he has probably enjoyed the democratic give-and-take of childish sports. But from now on—oh, me! oh my!! Think of the next decade and a half of concentrated, co-agulated misery for the little fellow! After the coronation was all over and the new order had set in, the bewildered youngster asked his mother, "What has happened; they all call me 'Your Majesty' now; have they changed my name?" Yes, poor little kid, they have changed your name, and they will change your nature. They will make of you, first, a puppet of devious purposes which you cannot fathom though you live to be many times five years old. Then they will put you in the way of doing in your small domain the same kind of mischief which has trailed down through the generations of your ill-begotten family. Finally, when you believe yourself most grandly the sovereign, they will leave you scarcely less the puppet than during these innocent years when you are all unconscious of the imposition. Poor little kid!

We wonder what is wrong with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Prevailingly of an optimistic temper, the distinguished President of Columbia unexpectedly looks at his world through dark glasses, and proclaims that he sees not one "really great poet, or great philosopher, or a genius of some other sort who dwarfs his fellow-men, not one." This is rather amazing from a man who is a member of the same political party with CALVIN COOLIDGE, and has recently been sojourning in the land of LLOYD GEORGE. Has Dr. Butler forgotten these two great statesmen, or is he actually of those who believe that the world, in remote ages at least, has seen other and greater men? But to be specific, in the very categories which the Columbia President himself names! No "really great poet," Mr. Butler? What about THOMAS HARDY? The author of "The Dynasts" and of four or five incomparable volumes of lyrical verse is destined, we believe, to rank close after Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Keats in the literary estimates of the future. What about RUDYARD KIPLING—not a "really great poet," admittedly, but a really great author? Then there is JOHN MASEFIELD—surely, a poet of the first order of importance. As for America, perhaps Dr. Butler has not seen or heard of EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON's "Tristram." No really "great philosopher"? Is the President of Columbia ignorant of his own faculty, that he does not mention JOHN DEWEY, whose fame bestrides the world and already grasps the future? Can it be that HENRI BERGSON is so soon forgot? And EINSTEIN, philosopher and scientist alike—has the world seen a greater intellect since Newton? "A genius of some other sort"—is there none at all? To Dr. Butler's judgment, we say—Nonsense! BERNARD SHAW is a genius of the first order—the greatest dramatist using the English tongue since Shakespeare. THOMAS A. EDISON is as great an inventor as mankind has ever produced. ROMAIN ROLLAND is a novelist of the first rank, and a moral leader who fittingly succeeds Tolstoy as a world influence. RICHARD STRAUSS is a musical composer not unworthy of his countrymen, Brahms and Wagner. And MAHATMA GANDHI—the purest embodiment of spiritual idealism since Jesus! Who is this that says there is no "Genius" alive today "who dwarfs his fellowmen"?

Every new season of sports leads to new and deeper philosophy. The American people seem to be "letting themselves go." Where will they come out? Immediately following the war, American only less than European populations went crazy with a sardonic gaiety, in reaction from the terrible strain of those four horrid years. Latterly, sports have taken on a more serious aspect. They have become more genuinely recreational. The play season grows ever longer, and play is more liberally sprinkled through the seasons of work. For two or more generations, summers in the city have been marked by slackened business and the slowing down of the wheels of commercial and social life. Now, in certain types of enterprise, the wheels practically stop for (say) six weeks, from the middle of July until after Labor Day. Nobody knows yet whether this is wise or unwise, whether it is a mark of progress or of social decay. A survey of the middle west is said to reveal the fact that the largest single investment under public and private auspices is in equipment for recreation. The middle west is reputed to be typical America. Is this a sign of American times? Life, real life, worthy life, remains earnest; its goal is neither the grave nor irresponsible gaiety. Recreation which is its own end, is not truly itself. Recreation should re-create powers for achievements which the process itself cannot inspire. That work is best done which is also play, but play which is only play cannot furnish a sufficing life-work. The tendency to professionalism in sports is properly esteemed bad when it enervates the spectators, and leaves them content to watch hired men work. On the other hand, the strife for excellence drives towards professionalism. It is of the essence of Americanism to strive for excellence. A false Americanism slops, and bluffs, and puts up a pretense at excellence which only covers

shams. Shamming is the great American vice. Perhaps professional sportsmanship will help to cure the American of his besetting sin of superficiality. At any rate, the sport craze cannot drive us clean crazy, so long as we remain capable of philosophy.

We take pleasure in announcing this week (see "The Field") the appearance of a new magazine devoted to world peace and brotherhood, entitled *World Unity*. We think it unfortunate that the name selected for this paper should be so closely akin to our own. Exact correspondence, in the case of the Kansas City Theosophical journal, *Unity*, has brought us ample trouble; and we look forward with no anticipation to the added confusion pretty certain to result from this entrance into our own field of a new magazine of so similar a title. Our contemporary, however, does not see the matter as we do; and, in lieu of any complaint, we would simply state the fact that *World Unity*, has nothing to do with our own paper, UNITY, and is not to be confused with it. Meanwhile, with all best wishes, we give welcome to the new paper. We cannot have too many organs of universal goodwill and peace. May *World Unity* prosper, and thus carry far the noble message which its able editors are so well-fitted to speak.

Sacco, Vanzetti and the Future

"He (Matthew Maule) was one of the martyrs to that terrible delusion (of witchcraft), which should teach us, among its other morals, that the influential classes, and those who take upon themselves to be leaders of the people, are fully liable to all the passionate error that has ever characterized the maddest mob. Clergymen, judges, statesmen—the wisest, calmest, holiest persons of their day—stood in the inner circle round about the gallows, loudest to applaud the work of blood, latest to confess themselves miserably deceived."

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Boston *Herald* is certain that the Sacco and Vanzetti case is closed. "We have an idea," was the paper's comment, a few days before the execution, "that the case will soon be over, and that the public, here and abroad, of every shade of opinion, will accept the result, and forget about it. The whole affair will then pass into history, not again to be heard from . . ."

Thus do the strong ever satisfy themselves that they can crush the poor and weak into oblivion. They kill the body, and think that therewith they are killing the soul. How mad their delusion! How ridiculous their complacency! For nothing lives so surely, so imperishably, so terribly, as injustice!

Chicago thought that the case of the Haymarket bomb-throwers would "soon be over," and men "forget about it," when the anarchists had been tried and condemned, as Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and condemned, in a courtroom dominated by fear and hate, and at last, by due process of law, had been put to death upon the scaffold. But nothing could end the horror of that judicial crime. Men "of every shade of opinion" slept uneasily at night; they walked the streets distraught and fearful by day. The vision of these anarchists would not down. Their noosed bodies hung at every street-corner and in every doorway. And while all men were thus unhappy, some men were busy! These latter were determined to get at the truth, that the world might know and not merely suspect the horror that had been done. And at last, so clearly was the prejudice of the court established, so utterly the verdict of the jury discredited, so fully the innocence of the condemned established, that an heroic Governor was moved to do the little that he could to correct the wrong, and thus restore the ways of justice to his state. The anarchists' case was never, and will never, be forgotten. It is remembered, and will forever be remembered, for the noble action of Altgeld, and for the disgrace of Chicago and Illinois.

In the same way, France thought that the Dreyfus case would "soon be over," and men "forget about it," when the helpless Captain had been condemned as a traitor, and sent away to his living death on Devil's Island. Nothing could be more complete and final than the destruction of this man—nothing more overwhelming than the power arrayed against him. But the case lived on! The body of Dreyfus was in his tropic prison, but his spirit haunted the boulevards of Paris. One year, two years, three years, four years, five years went by, and still Dreyfus lived more terribly than ever. For all the passing of time, for all the power of army and state, that traitor-Jew on Devil's Island would not disappear. He had been banished from French soil, but nothing could avail to banish him from French minds. Then at last spoke Zola—who now, for this one heroic deed, lies buried in eternal glory in the Pantheon—and the case was reopened until justice was done. Dreyfus now lives in honor, and France forever hangs her head in shame.

But the perfect precedent is the Calas case in eighteenth century France—the case which Voltaire made immortal. The poor villager, Calas, as we remember the details, was arrested, tried, and condemned for the dealth of his son. Calas was a Protestant, his son had recently turned Catholic; this gave the Church the

chance to charge murder when the boy's body was discovered. Calas was broken on the wheel, his property confiscated, his family driven as beggars on to the highroad. The priests patted unctuously their good round bellies, and knew that the case would "soon be over" and forgotten. But it was *not* forgotten! No man weaker than Calas; no institution more potent than the Church! But the rumors of this case traveled on the current of every river, took wings and flew on every wind. At last they came to the ears of Voltaire in Geneva, and aroused this man, already old, to the greatest work of his life. Voltaire made the Calas case his mission to his contemporaries and to posterity. He carried its story to every nation in Europe. He bombarded princes and bishops with the ceaseless fire of his wrath. Consumed himself with hatred of injustice, he resolved that the world should never sleep again until this crime had been corrected. We have no reference books at hand—we cannot be sure how many years Voltaire labored on this case. It was a long time, that we know; and in the end, as always, justice triumphed. Calas was vindicated, his family restored, and the case made memorable forever to the glory of truth and the shame of wicked men.

So, now, with Sacco and Vanzetti! "Massachusetts, there she stands"—triumphant, scornful, contented, bloody. She thinks her crime upon the innocent will be forgotten. Certainly, she *hopes* it will be forgotten, for in her own heart she knows she has done murder. But deeds like this live on. There are those who would make them live, if they did not within themselves have the momentum of survival. For the universe, after all, is moral. A work of violence and horror, like that achieved upon Sacco and Vanzetti, disrupts the cosmic order, which itself must strive till it is whole again. The agitation for the release of these men, which began years ago, will continue, now that they are dead, for years to come, until at last the truth is known and heard. There are millions of men who will never forget, until Sacco and Vanzetti are justified. There are thousands of men who will never rest, until the work of justification has been carried through to its triumphant end. If these men reach not the goal in their time, they will teach the tale to their children, and pledge them to like service of the murdered dead. So will the story become a legend through all future time—the names, Sacco and Vanzetti, the perpetual symbols of victorious martyrdom. And forever, in the dark background of a world's contempt, will still stand Massachusetts, with her minions—Thayer, Katzmann, Fuller, Lowell, Grant and Stratton.

Sacco and Vanzetti have not lived, nor have they died, in vain. In the eternal measure of all true time, their fate is happy. Vanzetti, like one inspired, spoke the truth in his immortal speech to the judge:

> "If it had not been for these things, I might have live out my life, talking at street-corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident. Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Massachusetts—There She Stands

What makes Massachusetts like that? I have been wondering for five years and a half, ever since I came to live in this interesting commonwealth. A long and honorable history, a tradition rich in the best that America stands for, a record of leadership in industrial legislation and social reform of many sorts, a list of great names in almost all lines of human endeavor—and now within three years the pusillanimous popular slaughter of the child labor amendment and today the shamefully tragic ending of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, after seven long years of bitter injustice. For I am one of that great number of Massachusetts men and women who believe today that these two Italian workingmen were unjustly convicted of a crime that they did not commit, were convicted, at bottom not because anybody wanted to be unjust, but none the less, actually because they were radicals of a group held to be socially inferior. The governor's investigation and report, so far from shaking our belief, seems to us to illustrate, not to confute, our contention. And we hang our heads in shame for Massachusetts justice.

But over against us stands another body of opinion, the dominant opinion of the men who rule the state. They believe, no less heartily than we disbelieve, that these men were guilty, that their trial was fair, and that their fate was deserved under our laws. They have faith in Massachusetts just as she is. They are proud of her courts and her governor, whom they see standing like a rock against a world-wide popular clamor, defending our laws and our sacred institutions against perils threatening from without and from within. The Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy has simply furnished a test case for two completely different bodies of opinion, whose roots run to the bottom of our life.

Why have the substantial bankers and business men of Massachusetts and their professional satellites, the blue bloods of the commonwealth who really rule the state—why have they wanted Sacco and Vanzetti killed? What makes the good and honest men and women of Massachusetts think and feel that way? I do not know, but a friend offers an answer that seems to me near the truth, when taken in connection with

the history of the state. Founded in dissent, Massachusetts was nourished in the tradition of strict conformity to non-conformity, as Ann Hutchinson and the Quaker martyrs can testify. The harsh excesses of one-sided revolutionary Boston were all but matched three-quarters of a century later by the bitterness of the abolitionists attacking human bondage. Massachusetts is filled today with middle-aged and elderly women who do not know that the world war is over, and whose backs stiffen like ramrods at the word German. The historic home of "causes" of every kind, Boston has been tolerant—of the vagaries of the socially elect, or of outlandish folk like Armenian refugees or Hindu swamis. But intolerance in things they really cared about has always been a striking characteristic of the ruling class in Massachusetts.

What now has happened in this basically intolerant state? Prosperity has done its work. The men whose opinion counts in Massachusetts today have come to live by their investments plus somebody else's work, not by their own work. I do not mean that they do not work, for most of them do; but they live by owning, not by working. Having then a large stake in the order of things as it is, they believe it good, not only for themselves, but also for that great number of beings of inferior sort who, lacking their own brains (and investments), are nevertheless enabled under this order by their labor and the practice of the New England virtues to make a living of an inferior sort, as befits their capacities. If anything should be changed, on the other hand, look at what happened in Russia!

Now it seems to be characteristic of this mentality to lay great stress on externals. These friends and neighbors of mine do actually believe that their well-being depends on their possessions and the security of their investments, and that the well-being of the rest of us depends on our security in getting paid for our work. But beyond that, they seem actually to believe in the courts and the police and the army. That is, they do appear actually to think that men are kept in order only by force and the fear of force. Accordingly they lock every door and window (and put the key under the doormat or behind the blind), believing it to be actually the lock, and only the lock plus the policeman, that keeps these other wicked people from carrying off their precious property. They seem to think the same way socially and internationally. It is only our courts and our police and our army that keep the hordes of wretched foreigners from lugging off, not only our property, but our very institutions and traditions as well. Indeed, I know of nothing but our fleet that prevents a vague and unnamed enemy from landing in Boston harbor some dark night and taking away the very State House itself.

To speak plainly, I have never encountered a group of people equally timorous. Long accustomed to property and reserves, they have a great fear of losing these good things on which the worth of life depends, and which they think it wholly possible for other and inferior persons to get away from them, thereby destroying, be it said in justice to their motives, the well-being of the whole community. Such inferior persons are always lying in wait, ready to burst forth and snatch away the good things from those who have them and know how to use them. Witness the Boston police strike of fragrant memory, and consider where we should now have been but for the strong silent man in the Black Hills. The envious persons, moreover, are numerous; in fact, they include practically everybody outside the charmed circle. Westerners, of course, particularly farmers who want any change in existing price arrangements, laborers of every sort, and their accompanying theorists, peculiarly dangerous and pernicious, who maintain that mankind really lives by labor and not just by investment, politicians who would abate a jot or tittle from the sacred tariff, college graduates who did not attend Harvard and some who did (Powers Hapgood, for example), anarchists, pacifists, anti-Coolidge men, and fifty-seven other varieties of domestic undesirables, but always and particularly foreigners, the unfailing menace. To be sure, foreigners are all right in their own countries, where they may be visited as picturesque if out-of-date exhibits; but when they come here they seem to spend most of their time hiding under our godly beds, in order to sally forth in the darkness of the night and murder us and then triumphantly carry off in their pockets all that is most valuable in life—that is to say, they hide under our beds except as our magnificent institutions and courageous officials stand against them and make them understand that this is America.

Do I exaggerate? Perhaps so. But so far as I can observe, Massachusetts today is governed by a body of opinion whose emphasis, through years of material success, has been placed upon external possessions and the external means of maintaining possessions intact, an opinion whose timorous pusillanimity creates a thousand dangers where none really exist, and then punishes savagely the men who are supposed to embody those dangers. So long as Massachusetts is governed by such opinion, so long will a Sacco-Vanzetti case be possible, so long will it be impossible, just as it was impossible in 1920, for a man charged with murder plus radicalism plus inferior social status to get a fair trial at the hands of a court and jury dominated by such fears and prejudices.

It is no time for despair, no time for denunciation, no time for weak yielding to the preachers of class war, much as Massachusetts men in their blindness and their groping fear and their unreasoning mammon worship have done to confirm the faith of such preachers. If we believe in fellowship, it is a time for repentance and renewed searching of heart. Do we, or do we not, put our faith in bars and locks and police-

men and armies? If we do, let us not forget that it is we who have maintained a grim watch for seven years outside the barred door of Sacco and Vanzetti, however much we may deprecate their fate. If we do, it is our own absurd fears whose shadows blacken the whole of life in Massachusetts and the United States today, causing us to choose the fleshpots of Egypt as the band pours forth the monotonous rhythm of safety first, rather than the courageous launching forth into the deep of social righteousness. In that deep, if such be our choice, on the other hand, we may perchance find a pearl of great price; for as a people we may some day discover that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, that man is more than his possessions. When we discover that, we may build a commonwealth and a nation and a world, not on fear and force, but on fellowship.

H. R. Mussey.

Sacco and Vanzetti: Two Poems

I—DAWN-LED BROTHERS

Oh, dawn-led brothers who are going
Beyond the ways of our frail knowing,
Yours is the strength of martyrdom,
Yours is the peace of the muffled drum,
Yours the unbounded power of giving;
But what is ours but the shame of living,
Stained by dishonor and Judas' lies,
With old faith quenched in a comrade's eyes?

II—TO BISHOP LAWRENCE OF MASSACHUSETTS*

You call yourself a follower of Christ
Who chuckled when these men were sacrificed?

How dare you preach of Jesus on the cross,
You, who have sanctioned the unholy loss

Of two brave lonely dreamers who have stood
Like Him for peace and brotherhood?

Go hide your face among the Pharisees,
Who always have condemned such Christs as these.

Go hide your face among the world's disdained,
Your hands are leprous and your vestments stained.

Lucia Trent.

* Note written on hearing of the Bishop's telegram congratulating Governor Fuller on his action against Sacco and Vanzetti.

The Lesson

Five hundred years before Christ, there was a prophet in China who taught the religion of love, and though he was denied and persecuted, he was allowed to live. Five hundred years later, a Galilean prophet expounded the same religion, but he was persecuted, stoned and finally crucified. He died saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Two thousand years of civilization marched by, and an Italian fish peddler, a devotee at the shrine of love, was electrocuted at Boston. It could not be said that they knew not what they did, for the enlightened thought of the world, simultaneously in touch through the medium of all the myriad inventions of the centuries, voiced horrendous protest in the ears of the executioners; but he died saying, in imperfect English, "I wish to forgive some of those who are doing this to me."

Has civilization progressed? The fond heart which believes that the fierce turmoil of life on this planet is inch by inch raising the scale of human thought and ideals, must pause to consider the facts, which show that not progress, but if anything, regress is revealed by the unrolling centuries.

Is not enlightenment under bonds in this life to ignorance? Does not intelligence pay tribute to non-intelligence? Who will look into his heart and say that his love has not burned under the pot of selfishness, kindled the furnace of hate, or, unfed, lies a heap of dull ashes? Then what fatuous optimist shall be heard who says the germs of life who are men of earth are carrying forward the ideal of man or God, when each precious life burns out in negation of that ideal?

Every one who conceives a great idea and its execution by one road or another ends in defeat. Perhaps he attacks single handed the citadel of ignorance, and ends in jail or death. Perhaps he organizes his idea, and his organization either breaks up in disagreement or "busts" financially, or perhaps is taken over by the enemy, with the idea inverted, and championed to the sky. Perhaps he takes a detached point of view, working out his idea under the serene auspices of his own individuality, and his idea perishes in conservatism. In all cases, modern life is the tomb of thought; it would seem, as has been said, that "there is no further use for man."

There is a reason why this is so, and it is so because no one understands the reason; and there is a reason why no one understands the reason.

The reason it is so, which no one understands, is that each individual is a molecule of life, that he *is* life (just as a molecule of gold is gold); that the full measure and glory of life rests squarely upon his shoulders. There is no quality of life which is not his quality. He is born to the heritage of all that ever was any one's, and all that is his is the heritage of all. The reason that no one understands that this is the reason is that the education of each one conceals from him that this is what he is, and the knowledge of what he is is the key to the understanding of what life is.

Education should teach the student what others have done, never what he is to do. Education of the young, however, usually instructs him what to do, and invariably conceals from him the knowledge of what he is, weaning the stream of his life away from the source of life, by teaching him that he is something else. He may learn that the function of man is to be a good citizen;

he may learn that it is to build railroads and skyscrapers; he may learn that it is to make money; he may learn that necessity compels man to serve his physical needs; to do his duty; to serve God, or any of the myriad fallacies which are as humorous as the truths they controvert.

Education is the great reason. When, as rarely, a man overcomes the effect of his education so far as to learn the truth about himself, his life is too far spent, the stream of his life is cut off from its source, and he can no longer live the life he was born to inherit.

The crying need is to replace maleducation with the teaching to the young of what has been done by others, and that they are born to *do*. Today our need is for ourselves to learn what we are, in order that we may impart this knowledge, and to begin to be what we are, to demonstrate the truth we have learned, to encompass our identity, to captain our soul, or whatever particular phase fits our categories.

I now come to the point, or practical issue which distinguishes what ought to be, *must be*, from the condition I described in the beginning. When we have learned what we are, that life is ours, not the possession of fortunate others, nor to be wrested from the heavens, but our very present moment and opportunity; when we have so far taken this lesson to heart that we have *realized* that life is our very present moment and opportunity to be consummated, and that ourself is the individual without which that life is unlived, then our life has reached the stage where that stagnation, that decease and that defeat are impossible. We care not how much homage or respect we owe to ignorance; we refuse to live in bonds to anyone's ignorance. We care not how selfish anyone else may wish to be; we refuse to dedicate our love to the same, or sacrifice it on the holiest altar that duty can build; and the exercise of love's use which follows opens the very well-springs of love which never dry up. We care not how little intelligence we see in our surroundings, in our boss, our teacher, or our jailer,—*our* acts are intelligent. Let stupidity slumber!

These are the individualizations of life which will revolutionize the whole of life; which will cancel the conditions I deplored at the outset, and give us the knowledge to impart a genuine education to the young, which will fit them to live really.

You are the image of life; there is no thing in life which is not yours; there is nothing of yours which is not the heritage of all.

HERBERT HARVEY

Maywood, N. J.

Letters from China

[Here are two intimate letters of Anna Louise Strong, dated July 14, 1927, from the heart of China. She is probably "the first and only reporter who has been to Changsha since the whole row started." She started July 27th, with a party of 20, for a six weeks' trip from Hankow to Loyang to see Feng, then to Sian-fu in Shensi, Ningsia in Kansu, and thence to Urga and Moscow, a grand camping trip by motor through China. UNITY will get the benefit of her observations. Miss Strong is writing also for Harpers, the Survey, the Christian Herald, the Methodist Advocate, half a hundred labor papers in America, Canada, Australia, etc.—Editor.]

I

Where Is "Yale-in-China!"

The little Japanese river steamer is slowly poking its way up the Siang river towards Changsha, capital of Hunan. It is famous among Americans as the headquarters of "Yale in China"; it is also known as the spot where the worst "excesses" have occurred among peasants and workers behind the march of the Nationalists. Here it is said, the "communists" had full swing, nationalizing lands, killing rich gentry. It is always difficult in these rumors to know what is meant by "communists." No responsible secretary of the Communist Party accepts responsibility for the actions charged against them; on the other hand, any hooligan leader who takes advantage of upset conditions to get revenge on a rich man who has ill-treated him, is sure to be called a "communist."

Now, however, Hunan is the seat of reaction. The militarists, (not those of the north nor yet those of General Chiang Kai Shek in Nanking, but the militarists claiming loyalty to the Hankow government), have put down the labor unions and the peasant unions with a heavy hand. Everyone admits that they have killed dozens for every one killed by their opponents. In Changsha itself 120 labor and peasant leaders are reported executed. So "order" is restored, and "excesses" are over, since it is never an excess to kill a working man or peasant.

Anyway, I am going up to find out what has happened since the foreigners went out in the spring. For some months the foreign boats have not been running; now, however, a Japanese line has resumed regular traffic, and our boat is jammed with passengers and loaded down with freight, indicating that business is resuming which will be good for Hankow and Central China generally. The only indication of war is the long steel plate, as high as a man's head, running along the deck outside the sleeping cabins. This is chiefly ornamental rather than useful, as we don't sleep in the cabins, but on the chairs and benches of the deck in order to catch a breath of air.

With me on the boat are two American missionaries of the Evangelical Church, permitted by the American consul to go up and inspect their missions around Changsha; also a German agent of a mining company who was high in the mountains five days' journey beyond Changsha during most of the "trouble"; also a representative of the Foreign Office of the Nationalist Government, going up to organize the office of Foreign Commissioner in Changsha. But I am the first and only reporter who has been to Changsha since the whole row started, I think.

A member of the Foreign Office staff, whose regular job is to mediate between labor unions and foreign companies, is also with us. He has been telling me some

of the disputes he has handled. Here is a typical one, in its mingling of chaos and attempted order.

In the town of Yengching, some 60 miles by train and 30 by sedan chair beyond Hankow, there was an agent of the Asiatic Petroleum Company. Early in January, after the dispute started in Hankow over the British concession, he came out in haste, without time to make arrangements for the care of his property. The local Merchants Association, an organ of the Nationalists, promptly sealed up his warehouse to prevent stealing.

Soon, however, the kerosene and candles in the district were all exhausted and under the great demand of the population, the Merchants Association opened the warehouse and began selling the products. A traveling agent of the A. P. C. passing through noticed this irregularity and reported it to Hankow, where the company at once protested to the Nationalist Government, demanding their stuff back. "We don't want the money, we want our oil and candles, which are our property, and which no one has the right to sell," they asserted. Eugene Chen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent an order to the Merchants Association to hold all the remaining kerosene and candles, and to forward payment for what was already sold, but the urgent demand for kerosene continuing, word kept reaching the Foreign Office through the A. P. Company that the unauthorized sale still continued. At last the Foreign Office went to the Political Council, highest organ of the Nationalist Party, and received authority to send 30 soldiers under a responsible agent, to seize the kerosene and candles and hold them for the owner. But at this time word reached Hankow that everything was already sold.

The Foreign Office has wired the local magistrate that the local Merchants Association, or else the local government, must pay for the oil products thus consumed. But a new complication arises. The Merchants Association accepted paper currency, which is the only legal currency at present, since the Hankow Government has placed an embargo on silver. The paper is depreciating; the local folks have no silver, the British Company, however, demands silver.

There the matter rests. I wonder if folks at home have the slightest idea of what foreigners here call "outrages to property," or would care to support with gun-boats the demands of men who flee from a war-torn country and expect to collect damages for all they abandon, and even to specify the coinage in which they will accept payment.

There is another tale of the same company. Under a demand by their workers, they worked out through the aid of the Foreign Office a collective agreement which both sides agreed to sign. Due to the technicality of having to read the agreement to all the workers, the signing was delayed for a day. On this day it happened that a new order issued by the government curtailed the powers of the unions, forbidding them the use of arms and certain other arbitrary powers. At once the manager of the A. P. C. tore up the agreement saying to the Foreign Office representative: "Two months ago labor was running the world in Hankow, now it is our turn to run things."

I have again and again met employers, including missionaries employing servants, who have exulted in the fact that they were now able to break the agreements which they had duly made with their employees, "since the union has no power to enforce anything any more." It is the threat of foreign gun-boats in the harbor which has deprived the union of force.

II

Two Missionaries Come Back

Two missionaries have told me the whole past year's history. Be it understood that they are very good missionaries, very sympathetic with Chinese nationalist aims, utterly averse to any armed foreign intervention, tolerant of outrages even to their own property. Only, like all teachers when pupils want to grow up—well, judge for yourself.

This mission has a quarter million gold dollars worth of property in Eastern Hunan, working from Changsha as base. Six county seats form centers of schools and hospitals, and traveling Chinese preachers serve many small out-stations. Back in 1918 when the northern general, Chang Tsung Chang, was down here, they lost some $87,000 worth of property through his destructiveness. None of this made much of a stir in the outside world.

A year ago in July the Nationalist forces first entered the region. They treated Chinese and foreigners alike. Their principle was not to seize houses already occupied but to commandeer anything vacant and all public buildings. They used our churches and school buildings for barracks and some empty residences as generals' headquarters. Three-fourths of the foreigners thought this an outrage, but that's as you regard it. Except in one instance of men who were absolutely filthy, they took rather good care of the buildings. In a few weeks they moved on. One of our girls' schools, near a junction of army movements, was kept till nearly autumn. We went to the general and said we wanted to open the school. He answered, "We will leave in time." They left ten days before school opened, and we whitewashed the building and repaired the earth floor of our gymnasium where they had made a stable. The total cost was between $200 and $400 (Mex.)

The next trouble we had was in October with servants. We knew it was coming; the union business was in the air. At last they submitted demands, sixteen of them. Perfectly absurd demands, some of them. The first demand was for a flat increase of wages of $6 ($3 in gold) a month. We agreed to $1.50 increase (gold) and they wrote this change into their agreement. We refused to consider any of the other demands, and they did not press them. They kept right on working till we left in April.

"What wages were they getting?" I asked. I learned that one family had five servants, of whom the lowest got $4 (gold) a month, and the highest, the cook, got $6. Out of this they bought their own food, chiefly rice and vegetables which cost about $2 a month; the mission furnished them with a room and with kerosene light.

The wage we paid our cooks was unusually high (they said). Most mission cooks got $4.50 (gold) a month, while business cooks may get $7. But our cook was an exceptional man. Now that he is no longer with us, he is perhaps acting as dentist; he can make a good crown; he is also a skilled cobbler. He worked thirteen years for us and was so dependable that we left the key of our storeroom in his hands, where we stored a year's supply of food products from America, which are rare and expensive in inland China.

This man, trusted in every way, they thought "good enough" to give $6 a month to.

He told next of the teachers' demands and how the missionaries answered that they saw no way to meet these without increasing their budget with money which they didn't have. Therefore, they would close with the end of the winter term in January. To my query whether the teachers or their union made any counter proposal for keeping the school going, they said: "They were so flabbergasted that I think they haven't got their breath yet. They never dreamed we would be willing to close our schools."

In the case of their main high school, in Liling, the alumni asked permission to take over the school and run it, but the missionaries did not feel the alumni could make a good job of it without the usual missionary financial subsidy, and so refused. The alumni didn't directly demand the continuation of the subsidy, but made it clear that they would like to have it and that they hoped the missionaries would give it for the sake of the school's reputation rather than see it close. This demand the missionaries consider too preposterous to talk about, "take over our school and expect us to help finance them." Then the county Board of Education also asked the loan of the high school building "at a nominal rental" until their own government school building, partly destroyed by flood, could be repaired. This also was refused by the missionaries. The schools were simply closed down in January. In April, however, after the missionaries had all left the district, the local board of education took the high school building without permission and opened it.

Of the "preposterous demands" made by the students, two were especially mentioned. The students wanted the right to petition the removal of a teacher they didn't want; they also wanted a students' representative to have the right to sit in faculty meetings. These demands seemed unwarranted intrusion by students into the management.

However, undisciplined soldiers caused more trouble than this. In February, as soon as the six elementary schools in Changsha city were closed, local soldiers moved into three of them. Protests to the Foreign Office and also to the General, brought forth an order to the soldiers to evacuate. But the soldiers answered, "We aren't taking their orders." These were soldiers of the Sixth Army, while the Governor-General was head of the Eighth Army; they refused to recognize him. Their own commander, Chien, was off in the north, engaged in taking Shanghai and Nanking, where his soldiers are alleged to be the ones committing the atrocities. Chien's left-behind soldiers recognized only their own master, as too many of these armies absorbed by the Nationalists are prone to do.

I asked if there had been any trouble with unions taking their buildings.

Lots of requests to use our church (they said). They wanted a meeting of a union there just a couple of days before I left. They came with a plausible story of why they couldn't use their other meeting place. We had such requests all the time, presented by men who were our own church members, but also prominent in the nationalist movement. Some of these men we would have liked to accommodate, but if you let the Labor Union in one night, you have the Peasants' Union the next night, and then the Students' Union and the Women's Union. They would just use your place *all* the time.

After the missionaries left, they have rumors that various unions occupied their buildings in the city of Liling, where the county school authorities had taken the high school. No one knows in what condition they left it. In Changsha, however, where the undisciplined soldiers occupied three school buildings, they later took over church and residences. They used church pews for firewood; this last atrocity I was told three times and asked to remember it, as a sheer act of vandalism unredeemed by any necessity, and tending "to discredit a whole movement by the acts of a handful."

"I should think they would care more for their reputation and would prevent such things," he said. But I could not entirely find out who "they" were who should have cared enough to prevent this vandalism after the original owners had left. Did those soldiers care at all what Americans thought of China? Or did their far-away General Chien fleeing from Chiang in Nanking? Or did he think the Foreign Office of a government fighting for its existence two days' journey to the north could do more than it did to protect abandoned property of foreigners, when its own property and life were hourly threatened, and when every move it made was hampered by presence of foreign gun boats and boycott of foreign bankers?

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

En Route, Changsha, July 14, 1927.

New China

Shanghai crowded to the doors with missionaries and soldiers—strange juxtaposition. Yet how typical of the union of force and gospeling that has too often characterized the march of western religious propagandism in the Middle Kingdom and its republican successor. Humanity's seething center has moved from Europe to Asia and the oldest nation has become the newest. For seven wonderful weeks our little party was witness to some rapidly changing scenes in this the greatest historic drama our age, perhaps any age, has put upon the stage. Throughout the Celestial Land one is forever conscious of immensity, in the vast fertile plain riddled with mammoth rivers, in the numbers of people continuously rushing on and off the boards, in the densely packed humanity, in political, social and international issues. Diametrical contrasts smite one in the face everywhere. There is Shanghai, for instance, with its alien navies, its sandbag barricades, its miles upon miles of barbed wire entanglements, its streets reechoing to the music of marching armored men, Japanese, French, Italian, Indian, British and American, a massive mailed fist shaken insultingly in the patient faces which tell so little of the passion to be rid of these foreign gangsters which surges behind these calm exteriors. Shanghai and Kongkong seem hopeless in the paralyzing grip of the militant Westerner. Tientsin and Peking belong to the old regime, a different sort of hopelessness reigns therein, for though lorded over by the wily old Mukden bandit, one walks their streets dimly conscious of subterranean fires that any moment may break into terrible eruption. Place beside these two pictures the Nationalist city of Canton and presto you are transported into a strange and blessed realm. Here the birth of the New Nation is vitally functioning; narrow allies are being sawed out on either side into generous avenues through which autos dash impetuously. Everybody is alert. Today the people are voicing to the Kuomintang leader, Wang Ching-wei (called by some the spiritual successor of Dr. Sun Yat Sen) a summons to return from France. It happens that there is a strike on against foreigners in the Canton Christian College and if ever there were hatred of aliens as such, it ought to roll out in sour looks and insulting calls as we pass school after school marching to the Peoples Park with bands and banners or when we mount to the highest point of the Park completely surrounded by Labor Union members and excitable children. Not a sign of discourtesy anywhere. In that crowd 90 percent of the high and middle schoolgirls have bobbed hair, badge of modernity and self-determination. Effervescing vitality bubbles over into enthusiastic expression on all sides. For the

Government is their own; the People are in the saddle; Dr. Sun's three principles of freedom are actually in force everywhere south of the Yangste; the emancipating armies are pressing north to Peking; militarism is yielding to reason; China is finding herself—hurrah!

The Far Eastern Republic is teaching the world a new war technique. She is bettering the plowshare and pruning hook of the Hebrew prophet. Ask any well equipped Chinese how the South has won its victories. He will tell you not by force of arms, for the North is better armamented, has seasoned troops with long professional training and knows the art of squeezing money for its campaigns out of the populace. Yet when Chang Tso-lin's armies face those of Chiang-Kai-shek the Northerners usually retreat. Why? Because the country-side is bitterly hostile to them. Months before the Southrons came to fight against these bandit marauders from Mukden a rivulet of open-faced youth trickled from Canton and slowly overspread the land. They carried no weapons but they had a gospel to tell, the good news of how Dr. Sun though dead was living in the movement to deliver China from the hated foreign-treaty yoke and unite her people in a great cooperative commonwealth of prosperous free men and women, that soon the tramp of another type of crusader would follow these John Baptists of the new evangel, not looting marauders but comrades. They came, plundered nobody, paid for the supplies they needed and placarded city walls with legends like this:

Up to this time to see a soldier was like a rat seeing a cat. If you couldn't escape, you could only pitifully cry "Most exalted Sir." But this time of fear is over now; now you can play under the "blue sky and the white sun.* We soldiers of the Fourth Army are from the factories, shops, fields and schools. We are not "Most exalted Sirs." We are your soldier friends.

Is it any wonder that their enemies could not stand the force of this surge of friendship? Jesus said, "The truth shall make you free." China is experimenting with this twentieth century type of emancipation—propaganda instead of blood and rapine, brains versus fists. The world never before saw the exact like. Why should it not be the prerogative of the peacefulest people on earth to demonstrate the supremacy of reason over passion, of goodwill over insensate hatred.

How nearly the "white nations" have come to oversetting this triumphal procession only the future will be able to tell. The Nanking affair with its six slain men which the British Prime Minister in the full light of the more than a million times worse mass murder of the world war plus all its unwritten atrocities called "an unprecedented outrage," was seized upon with avidity by the Powers for launching their identic note with its peremptory demands. Dr. Chen's reply for the Nationalist Government, proposing judicial investigation of the entire incident, though preeminently fair, was hailed by the "die-hards" in the foreign concessions as offering a golden opportunity for active intervention. But Japan's Foreign Minister, Baron Shidehara, called by a leading European internationalist "the world's ablest diplomatist," once more saved the day for China by refusing point-blank to unite in any rejoinder to the Nationalist Government threatening a blockade of the Yangtse and the South China coast, our own Administration to its lasting credit sided with him and Britain had to back down from its fateful program. If any such menace had been carried out China would have been doomed perhaps to a half century of additional anarchy. The Nationalist Government would certainly have crumbled to pieces, as a result of this which would have been the "blackest of international crimes" as one of China's best friends phrased it.

At this juncture the Council of the American Board's North China Mission entered the scene. Americans have right to be proud of these representatives. The two cables sent by this Council to the President and People of our nation called for a campaign of popular education to make clear that armed intervention in China would be an international crime, that the time has come for our Government to scrap unequal treaties and negotiate at once new agreements with the two Chinese Governments separately or jointly, that there is an immense fountain of goodwill and friendship for America in the Far Eastern Republic, that the national movement there is the one great hope of a redeemed, peaceful and progressive nation and that sensational news like the recent press exploitation of the Nanking affair should be thoroughly discounted. Again and again leading Chinese assured me that if the Porter resolution had passed the Senate and if President Coolidge had at once begun to carry out its terms, the effect in China and the Far East generally would have been overwhelming. What a fateful story the conduct of our foreign relations has been since the war. Again and again as in the case of the exclusion clause or of Nicarauga or Mexico our nation has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. But it is not too late to mend this record. A positive policy of justice and friendship toward China, carried out irrespective of the line of action followed by other countries, would still enable us to regain our reputation for square dealing and high international statesmanship and help bind the peoples bordering the Pacific ocean in permanent peace.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

*Alluding to the Nationalist flag.

Non-Resistance in England

[We print the following extracts from a private letter as presenting a vivid picture of the successful use of the Gandhi type of non-cooperative non-violent non-resistance in English strikes. This interests us as showing how the strike as a labor weapon may be redeemed from its present shame and futility as a form of violence.—Editor.]

. . . The policy these sufferers, and all who came out in sympathy, adopted was passive resistance (non-resistance). All the leaders warned the people not a stone must be picked up, not an act of violence must take place. Of course, in some outlying districts some small disturbances did occur, but these were generally old feuds renewed—nothing to do with the issue at stake.

The Government tried by every means available to provoke the people to riot, but they did not succeed, thank God. The most striking case was when blacklegs attempted to run the street cars. One came out of the sheds. Immediately a man lay down across the rails. He was arrested. Another took his place, and so on until about twenty men were arrested. Downing Street was informed; and some men came along to see if they could solve the problem. One of the leaders calmly informed these gentlemen that he had at least five thousand other men ready and eager to do the same thing to get justice for the miners. They carried the message back to Downing Street, with the result that the car was put back and was seen no more until the strike was called off.—M. S.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTERS XXI AND XXII

Settled in Bombay?

Gokhale wanted very much that I should settle down in Bombay, practice at the bar and help him in public work. Public work in those days meant Congress work and the chief work of the institution which he had assisted to found was carrying on the Congress administration.

I liked Gokhale's advice, but I was not over-confident of success as a barrister. The unpleasant memories of past failure were still with me, and I still hated flattery for getting briefs like poison.

I therefore decided first to start work at Rajkot. Kevalram Mavji Dave, my old well-wisher, who had induced me to go to England, was there, and he started me with three briefs at once. Two of them were appeals before the Judicial Assistant to the Political Agent in Kathiawad and one an original case in Jamnagar. This last was rather important. On my saying that I could not trust myself to do it justice, Kevalram Dave exclaimed: "Winning or losing is none of your concern. You will simply try your best, and I am of course there to assist you."

The counsel on the other side was the late Mr. Samarth. I was fairly well prepared. Not that I knew much of Indian law, but Kevalram Dave had instructed me very thoroughly. I had heard friends say, before I went out to South Africa, that Sir Pherozeshah Mehta had the law of evidence at his finger-tips and that that was the secret of his success. I had borne that in mind, and during the voyage had studied the Indian Evidence Act with commentaries thereon carefully, and there was of course the advantage of my legal experience in South Africa.

I won the case and gained some confidence in myself. I had no fear about the appeals which were successful. All this inspired a hope in me that I might not after all fail even in Bombay.

But before I set forth the circumstances in which I decided to go to Bombay, I shall narrate my experience of the inconsiderateness and ignorance of English officials. The Judicial Assistant's was a peripathetic court. He was constantly touring and vakils and their clients had to follow him wherever he moved his camp. The vakils would charge more whenever they had to go out of headquarters and so the clients had naturally to incur double the expense. This inconvenience was no concern of the judge.

The appeal I am talking of was to be heard at Veraval where plague was raging. I have a recollection that there used to be as many as fifty cases daily in that place with a population of 5,500. It was practically deserted and I had put up in a deserted *dharmashala* at some distance from the town. But where were the clients to stay? And if they were poor, they had simply to trust themselves to God's mercy.

A friend who also had cases before the court had wired that I should put in an application for the camp being moved to some other station, as there was plague at Veraval. On my submitting the application the *Sahib* asked me: "Are you afraid?"

I answered: "It is not a question of my being afraid. I think I can shift for myself, but what about the clients?"

The *Sahib*—"The plague has come to stay in India. Why fear it? The climate of Veraval is lovely. [The *Sahib* lived far away from the town in a palatial tent pitched on the seashore.] Surely people must learn to live thus in the open."

It was no use arguing against this philosophy. The *Sahib* told his Shirastedar: "Make note of what Mr. Gandhi says, and let me know if it is very inconvenient for the vakils or the clients."

The *Sahib* of course had honestly done what he thought was the right thing. But how could the man have an idea of the hardships of poor India? How was he to understand the needs, habits, idiosyncrasies and customs of the people? How was one accustomed to measure things in gold sovereigns all at once to make calculations in tiny bits of copper? As the elephant is powerless to think in the terms of the ant, in spite of the best intentions in the world, even so is the Englishman with the needs of an elephant powerless to think in the terms of or legislate for the Indian with the needs of an ant.

But to resume the thread of the story. In spite of the success, I had been thinking of staying on in Rajkot for some time longer, when Kevalram Dave one day came to me and said: "Gandhi, we will not suffer you to vegetate here. You must settle in Bombay."

"But who will find work for me there?" I asked. "Will you find the expenses?"

"Yes, yes, I will," he said. "We shall bring you down here sometimes as a big barrister from Bombay, and drafting work we shall send you there. It lies with us vakils to magnify or belittle a barrister. You have proved your worth in Jamnagar and Veraval and I have therefore not the least anxiety about you. You are destined to do public work, and we will not allow you to be buried in Kathiawad. Well, then, tell me when you will go to Bombay."

"I am expecting a remittance from Natal. As soon as I get it I go," said I.

The money came in about two weeks and I went to Bombay. I took chambers in Payne Gilbert and Sayani's offices and it looked as though I had settled down there.

Faith on Its Trial

Though I hired chambers in the Fort and a house in Girgaum, God would not let me settle down. Scarcely had I been in my new house for a few days, when my second son Manilal, who had already been through an acute attack of smallpox years ago, had a severe attack of typhoid, combined with pneumonia and signs of delirium at night.

The doctor was called in. He said medicine would have little effect, but that eggs and chicken broth might be given with profit.

Manilal was only ten years old then. Consulting his wishes was out of the question. Being his guardian

I had to decide. The doctor was a very good Parsi. I told him that we were all vegetarians and that I could not possible give either of the two things to my son. Would he therefore recommend something else?

"Your son's life is in danger," said the good doctor. "We could give him milk diluted with water, but that will not give him enough nourishment. As you know I am called in by many Hindu families, and they do not object to anything I prescribe. I think you also will be well advised not to be so hard on your son."

"What you say is quite right," said I. "As a doctor you could not do otherwise. But my responsibility is very great. If the boy had been grown up I should certainly have tried to ascertain his wishes and respected them. But here I have to think and decide for him. To my mind it is only on such occasions that a man's faith is truly tested. Rightly or wrongly it is part of my religious conviction that man may not eat meat, eggs and the like. There should be a limit even to the means of keeping ourselves alive. Even for life itself we may not do certain things. Religion as I understand it does not permit me to use meat or eggs for me or mine even on occasions like this, and I must therefore take the risk that you say is likely. But I beg of you one thing. As I cannot avail myself of your treatment, I propose to try some hydropathic remedies which I happen to know. But I will not know how to examine the boy's pulse, chest, lungs, etc. If you will kindly look in from time to time to examine him, and keep me informed of his condition, I shall be grateful to you."

The good doctor appreciated my difficulty and agreed to my request. Though Manilal could not have made his choice, I told him what had passed between the doctor and myself and asked him his opinion.

"Do try your hydropathic treatment," he said. "I will not have eggs or chicken broth."

This made me glad, though I knew that if I had given him either of these he would have taken it.

I knew Kuhne's treatment and had tried it, too. I also knew that fasting, too, could be tried with profit. So I began to give Manilal hip baths according to Kuhne, never keeping him in the tub for more than three minutes, and kept him on orange juice mixed with water for three days.

But the temperature persisted, going up to 104 degrees. At night he would be delirious. I began to get anxious. What would people say of me? What would my elder brother think of me? Could we not call in another doctor? Why not have an Ayurvedic physician? What right had the parents to inflict their fads on their children?

I was often having thoughts like these. Again a contrary current would start. God would surely be pleased to see that I was giving the same treatment to my son as I would give myself. I had faith in hydropathy, and little in allopathy. The doctors could not guarantee recovery. At best they could experiment. The thread of life was in the hands of God. Why not trust it to Him, and in His name go on with what I thought was the right treatment?

My mind was torn between these conflicting thoughts. It was night. I was in Manilal's bed lying by his side. I decided to give him a wet sheet pack. I got up, wetted a sheet, wrung all the water out of it and wrapped it about Manilal, keeping only his head out, and then covered him with two blankets. To the head I applied a wet towel. The whole body was burning like hot iron and quite parched. There was no perspiration at all.

I was much tired. I left Manilal in charge of his mother, and went out for a walk on Chaupati to refresh myself. It was about ten o'clock. A very few pedestrians were there. I scarcely looked at them, plunged in deep thought. "My honor is in Thy keeping, Oh, Lord, in this hour of trial," said I to myself. Ramanama was on my lips. After a short stroll I returned, my heart beating within my breast.

No sooner did I enter the room than Manilal said, "You have returned, Bapu?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do pull me out, please. I am burning."

"Are you perspiring, my boy?"

"I am simply soaked. Do please take me out."

I felt his forehead. It was full of beads of perspiration. The temperature was going down. I thanked God.

"Manilal, your fever is sure to go now. A little more perspiration and then I take you out."

"Pray, no. Do please deliver me from this furnace. Wrap me some other time if you like."

I just managed to keep him under the pack for a few minutes more by diverting him. Perspiration streamed down his forehead. I undid the pack, dried the body and father and son fell asleep in the same bed.

And we slept like a log. Next morning Manilal had much less fever than before. He went on thus for forty days on diluted milk and fruit juices. I had no fear now. It was an obstinate type of fever, but it had been got under control.

Today Manilal is the healthiest of my boys. Who can say whether his recovery was due to God's grace, or to hydropathy, or to careful dietary and nursing? Let every one decide according to his own faith. For my part I was sure that God had saved my honor and that belief remains unaltered to this day.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Life Passing By

I am your dreams and your visions,
I am your passionate soul,
I am childhood's lost memories,
I am the love you denied.
I am the mother who bore you,
I am the child you may give,
I am your laboring brother,
I am your sister in pain,
I AM LIFE PASSING BY.

Live your dreams and your visions,
Be your passionate soul,
Keep your childhood's memories,
Take the love you denied.
Know the mother who bore you,
And the child you may give,
Toil with your laboring brother,
Weep with your sister in pain,
Lest LIFE should pass you by.

ROSE DAVISON.

August in New England

August 7. How great the changes which have taken place here since my youth! Then there was a great exodus from the Cape; now there is an inrush. Some of the old residents have returned to spend their holidays amongst the scenes of their childhood. Beautiful estates have risen in the midst of the forests; huge hotels, attractive tea-shops, club houses, toy shops, and even great gaunt movie-houses, face the streets of the once quiet hamlet. Charming golf courses ramble over hill and meadow in and out of the woods, across brooks and ponds. Many of the severe old meeting-houses have been replaced by modern churches. Still, one may find houses, which have withstood the hand of time, and I have even found one village which seems untouched, except for a new church. Returning there, after forty years absence, I see the same houses—no more, no less—the same general store, now enlivened by a new coat of paint. Only the graveyard seems changed. I find many new gravestones. Whence came all these dead people, I find myself wondering. There cannot be more than thirty families in the village but there are hundreds of gravestones, on which the earliest date is 1852—for the old burying-ground was filled years ago. Did those old people, many of whom left their homes half a century or more ago, want to sleep their last sleep close beside their first one?

How delightful the smell of pines and sea! What a joy to motor miles and miles over perfect roads through pine-woods with a thick undergrowth of blue-berries; then to come to the rolling dunes of the seashore! What exhilaration to ascend and descend the hills, with pine woods and salt marshes on either side and then, suddenly, on the brow of a higher hill, view the sea to the right and to the left! It seems a gentle hospitable shore.

Often I leave the car and wander through the woods. The blue-berries are so beautiful—from their first hint of green, through their period of blossom and fruit, until frost touches them with its wand, and turns them vivid red. Today I picked an exquisite cluster of blue-berries—a dozen, perhaps, on one stem, almost hidden beneath fresh green leaves. Tiny berries there were, of vivid green; slightly larger ones, shell pink; others coral and deep red, and huge blue ones which looked as if delicate cobwebs had been drawn across them. But one finds many other interesting things in the woods—though none more beautiful, I think. Here the lovely rose-colored lady slipper grows, deeply covered by pine needles and, although they have finished blooming, I know their foliage so well that I can visualize them as they looked in June—their two oval leaves growing close to the ground and the blossom standing so proudly upon its slender stem. It differs from the pink and white, the yellow, and the white lady slippers of the West, in that the little slipper has no ties to it. I was greatly surprised to find, upon examination, that it was not a bulb, as those of the West are, but has a regular system of roots.

Along the sandy road-sides is a charming little creeping plant, with grey-green foliage which I cannot place—although it is strangely familiar—and, here and there, in partial sun, the Turk's-cap and single red wood lilies bloom. Here and there the arbutus (Mayflower, New Englanders call it) trails its way amongst other plants, and checkerberry (wintergreen) makes a crisp green matting. Although it is very late for azaleas, one species is still in bloom. It has a white waxen blossom—not unlike stefanotis—and is very fragrant.

August 14. I waken to find the sunbeams dancing upon the water, turning every ripple to a fire opal. From the luncheon table I look upon the rippling sea, through a frame of gnarled old pines—last year's needles and cones contrasting strongly with the vivid green. One might be looking at a Japanese water-scape in a curiously carved frame. These old pines look as if they knew neither youth nor age; as if they had been there from the beginning of time and would remain there until the end. Afternoon finds us upon the terrace watching the races. How beautiful the boats, sails all set, as they maneuver for place! How smoothly they cut the water or, in a sudden gust of breeze, lie low upon their sides! How cleanly they tack across their courses and return, their sails bellying in the wind! Today a quick gathering of the clouds, a rise in the wind, sent the sail-boats scurrying back to harbor. The dancing waves soon turned to sullen blue and the angry white-caps exulted over them. But the storm was of short duration. As the sun sank, it turned the pond to amethyst, and the moon rose, a pale pink sphere which soon grew rosier and rosier until quite red, and the sea lay blue and quiet in its light. By ten o'clock the whole sea was a shimmering silver bowl. How often have I watched the harvest moon rise over our western lakes, but there the wooded hillsides hid its first faint gleams. Here we seemed to watch it from its birth.

The season here is much later than I expected. Golden-rod is just beginning to bloom, and one sees only faint hints of gold in the green spikes. Queen Anne's lace is blossoming now—the white filigreed flowers, the largest I have ever seen, and the buds a delicate pink. Even the rambler is blossoming bravely.

I miss the birds—there are so few here—pine warblers, sparrows, a few robins, many chick-a-dees, gulls and terns. I've seen only one yellow-hammer and no blue-birds, wood-peckers or blue-jays. They tell me that the bird season is very short here; they come late and most of them have already left. There are no butterflies but swarms of moths—I wonder if they are the gypsy-moths, which are so destructive here.

August 21. As we motor further afield we find huge forests absolutely destroyed by fire. A few live embers, left from a bonfire; a lighted match or cigarette carelessly dropped amongst the dry pine needles; a sudden blaze, and the grand old forest is lost forever. Today we passed miles of devastated woods—stark charred trunks, standing upright, the branches lifted like accusing fingers. Here and there, a tuft of green needles or a clump

growing out of the trunk. And, where the stately pines stood a few short years ago, only a dense undergrowth of scrub-oak.

Along the roadsides the wild antirrhinum (butter and eggs) are blooming. Green and red berries cover the grey-green creeper which I now recognize as the wild cranberry. Late, though it is, I found a checker-berry in bloom, three flowers of such a delicate faint pink.

Already there is a hint of autumn in the air: the sky is grey and there is a great deal of mist about. The tall early goldenrod is turning brown, and the later dwarf varieties are showing color. The petals of the Queen Anne's lace are falling and the blossoms are curling into seed pods. Early asters are blooming and we have seen one oak branch of vivid scarlet.

August 24. Almost a week of mists and fogs, wind and rain. Although the thermometer registers from 60 to 70 degrees, it seems like October or November. The sumac is already ruddy, apples are turning gold and red, flame colored branches gleam among the oaks, and the tall lavender asters are blooming.

The cranberry-bogs are beautiful just now. They lie in low places, surrounded by irrigation ditches, all though the country. One can see the water gleaming below the dense matting of vines. The berries, not yet ripe, are thick upon them and look like pale green or cream colored pearls, or like shining pebbles carelessly tossed there.

The wind howls and the rain falls in torrents and I think of the West, for my gardener writes me that they have had no rain for weeks; that the sprays are kept in the gardens day and night and that the grass is burned quite brown.

August 29. From Cape Cod to the North Shore of Massachusetts is a far step—not in point of distance, for it is only a four-hour motor trip, but in point of appearance. Here all the gentleness of Cape Cod is missing. The shores are rugged and rocky; the tides are strong, and the light-houses and beacons are everywhere necessary. If the Pilgrims had chanced to land here instead of there, I think they would have felt particularly discouraged. But there is a grandeur about it that is impressive.

The rocky shores, in sheltered bays, form ideal places for rock-gardens. I have seen some such gardens, extending from the high ground, where the house stands, almost to the water's edge. The huge rough boulders are nearly covered with creeping vines; strawberries grow in their crevices and their vines trail over them: the wild creeping phlox grows there too, and sea-thrift and wild cranberry; in the deeper indentations, one sees great clumps of columbine, or colonies of lady-slippers, while between the rocks are masses of lilies, pyrethrum, iris, azalea, laurel, rhododendron, and other beautiful plants. Just now many have passed their blooming season. But the phlox gives great splashes of pink and flame, scarlet, white and purple. Liatris (blazing star) is in full bloom; Gaillardia shows brilliant yellow, orange and tawny browns; lilium auratum (the golden-banded lily of Japan) is stately and beautiful; gladioli show almost every hue—from white, through all the tones of pink and a few tones of yellow, to vivid violet and deep, rich red. Amongst these vari-colored blossoms, the pines and spruces are interspersed. Gardens, well laid out, are always beautiful, but what can compare to a rock-garden in its own natural setting!

H. S. N.

The Study Table

(Reviews by John Haynes Holmes)

Civil Liberties

We are glad to be able to announce the publication of these four volumes,* all of importance to lovers of civil liberty and true Americanism.

Norman Thomas' book is not new. It is a reprint, with a new chapter or "postscript" bringing the story up-to-date, of an earlier book published in 1923 under the title of "The Conscientious Objector in America." The book is none the less important, however, as it makes accessible, in inexpensive form, a work of historic importance. The problem of conscientious objection—"the duty of civil disobedience," as Thoreau phrased it in his famous essay—is still with us. It will reappear instantly, and in aggravated intensity, in the next war. And it lingers with us still today in curious and interesting places. "Men who were no friends to conscientious objectors in war time," says Dr. Thomas, "have discovered and applied the principles of conscientious objection to the Volstead Act." More serious is the fight against compulsory military training in our schools and colleges, which has uncovered "a kind of peace time conscientious objection to militarism which deserves to be linked up to the conscientious objection of the war period." Dr. Thomas' book is ably done; it contains invaluable material of permanent historical and human interest which cannot be found elsewhere. We especially commend to contemporary readers the concluding chapter, with its entertaining and biting comments upon "the gentlemen who advocate and practise the duty of conscientious drinking, (and who) are not to be found in Fort Leavenworth. Rather their utterances are honored by newspapers and forums which gave short shrift to the man who refused to kill at the behest of the State."

Leon Whipple's "Story of Civil Liberty in the United States" is another volume of history which covers a much wider field than Dr. Thomas' book. Whereas this latter tells only of conscientious objection during the Great War and after, Mr. Whipple's book tells the whole story of civil liberty, in

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* (1) "Is Conscience a Crime?" by Norman Thomas. Published by the Vanguard Press.

(2) "The Story of Civil Liberties in the United States," by Leon Whipple. Published by the Vanguard Press.

(3) "Professional Patriots," edited by Norman Hapgood. Published by Albert & Charles Boni.

(4) "Free Speech, 1926. Annual Report. Published by the American Civil Liberties Union.

all its various forms, from the American Revolution down to the present day. The volume is carefully documented, shows an immense amount of laborious and original research, and tells a tale which may well set any sincere and open-minded lover of his country to thinking good and hard. We prate of civil rights in this country, but have we ever respected or protected them? What happened in the great crises of the nation's history—in the Revolution, in the Abolition days, in the Civil War, in such specific issues as Mormanism, the negro, labor, and free cultural and social thought? Mr. Whipple sums it all up when he says that "the events of 1917-1921 were not new. They had all happened before." And here is the record—a sad, tragic and shameful story! The test of civil liberties, as we all know or should know, is to be found in times of danger, not of quiet, and in the case of ideas heretical and abhorrent, not orthodox and conventional. Are we willing to grant the full exercise of his civil rights to the man who wants to speak and work for ideals which we regard as subversive of morals and of social security? That's the challenge! And America has never answered it except with persecution, mob violence, and despotic power. The author speaks moderately when he speaks of his "grim and sometimes bloody story." It is gratifying to find this important volume dedicated to the late Albert DeSilver, "a champion of civil liberty, who gave joyously and generously of his time, money, and legal training to all whose rights were attacked in time of war and industrial conflict."

Norman Hapgood's book is one for which we have long and ardently thirsted "like as the hart thirsteth after the water-brooks." For years, now, all kinds of so-called patriotic individuals and organizations have been "showing up" the pacifists and progressives and other independent and liberal-minded people whom they don't like. Why shouldn't the tables be turned? Why shouldn't these people, who make it their business to be "patriots," and incidentally slanderers alike of the living and the dead, be revealed for what they are? Why not some light in the dark places of prejudice, bigotry and hate? It is this light—brilliant rays of it—which is kindled and focused by Mr. Hapgood's book. Using material faithfully gathered by Sidney Howard and John Hearley, Mr. Hapgood presents "an exposure of the personalities, methods and objectives involved in the organized effort to exploit patriotic impulses in these United States during and after the late war." Here we learn who these "professional patriots" are, where they get their money, what they think and say, in general, their follies, fads and furies. That they are ignorant folk, is made perfectly obvious. That many of them are seeking their own profit and advantage, is painfully plain. The tables are truly turned with a vengeance! Yet is this a different type of exposure from any in which our patriotic friends have ever engaged. For this book deals with facts, not slanders, lies and innuendos; it is fair, moderate and just throughout, and it displays no slightest trace of venom. We hope that our "professional patriots" will study this volume. if only to learn how a thing of this kind should be done.

"Free Speech 1926" is the annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union. It presents the record for the last calendar year of one of the bravest and most useful organizations now at work in the public interest. As the Union is the only group of men and women in the country engaged in the business of protecting the civil rights of citizens wherever and whenever assailed, its record is the story of the fight for liberty in America today. On the whole the story is heartening. "There was continued improvement in the civil liberty situation throughout the country" last year. The American Legion is noted as having taken the place of the Ku Klux Klan "as the most active agency of intolerance and repression." Many attacks on freedom of speech have been traced straight back to "propaganda emanating from the War Department." The progress of bigotry in the educational field is sinister. But on the whole there is encouraging progress; the forces of reaction are losing support, and liberalism is more and more prevailing. That this means any permanent gain, is doubtful. These are quiet times. Wait till the next war comes along!

In Praise of Babbitt

Booth Tarkington is a skilled story-teller—and never more skilled than in this latest novel* from his facile pen.

We read the first hundred pages of the book with vast amusement, convinced that here was a hilarious depiction of the ignorant, boastful, vulgar and essentially absurd type of American business man made immortal by Sinclair Lewis in his "Babbitt." The story opens with a rich paper manufacturer from an unnamed middle western city on the way to north Africa and Europe with his wife and daughter. On the voyage across, this man Tinker is the boaster, booster and even bounder of the familiar type. Absolutely uneducated, totally ignorant of his ignorance, coarse in manner, generous, friendly, hail-fellow-well-met, afraid of his wife, browbeaten by his daughter, a one-hundred percent American, and perpetual boomer of his home town, he soon finds cronies of his own kind, and straightway owns the boat. His crude character is thrown into almost cruel perspective by being brought into sharp comparison on the one hand with a sophisticated American playwright from New York, and on the other hand with a cosmopolitan female of utter elegance and culture. The contrast would be terrible, were it not so comical. It is "Innocence Abroad" all over again—only a funnier "Innocence," for our age at least, than Mark Twain ever wrote.

Then, as the story develops, with the characters flitting through north Africa, and meeting here and there under various circumstances and vicissitudes, a change almost imperceptibly begins to come over the narrative. It still remains irresistably amusing. Not in years have we read anything so funny as Mrs. Tinker's discovery of her husband's innocent philanderings with the adventuress; and Mr. Tinker at the grave of St. Augustine is funnier than anything since Mark Twain at the grave of Adam. By the time that the Plutocrat comes to this tomb of the African bishop

*"The Plutocrat," by Booth Tarkington. Published by Doubleday. Page & Co.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

"WORLD UNITY"

A monthly magazine interpreting the spirit of the new age.

A new magazine for those who seek the world outlook upon present developments of philosophy, science, religion, ethics and art.

A Statement of Purpose

A new magazine bearing the title World Unity is already half explained. No other two words could be found which convey more varied meaning, more fruitful promise and more challenging interest to awakened minds.

The ideal of world unity embodies the supreme effort of a generation overshadowed by the possibility of universal conflict. It gives the clue to the hidden motive of unrest disturbing long established social relationships. It upholds a standard of reality before which every form of faith and truth must eventually bow. It reveals a general aim and purpose capable of subduing that greatest of anarchies, the opposition of science and religion. The ideal of world unity supplies the only focus blending sight and insight, knowledge and love, into deeper vision to understand the tumult of a humanity thundering at the gates of the future throughout the five continents and the seven seas.

There can be no more vital interest for the living generation than contact with this ideal, the spirit of which is potently transforming the world of men by transforming man.

The purpose of World Unity is to create a medium capable of interpreting the underlying forces at work in this hour of transition between two distinct eras. The magazine will endeavor to respond freely and adequately to the emergence of new human values in all fields—science, philosophy, religion, ethics and the arts. World Unity will aim to keep its readers informed about the essentials of progress as something vastly more important than the facts of change.

This magazine, in fact, has been founded in the conviction that a periodical of such a character has become inevitable. The world outlook has imbued an unconquerable vanguard of awakened people in all lands with identical aspirations, curiosities, sympathies, beliefs and ideals. The age is new in its myriad possibilities: it demands a medium of expression born of the living present, fearless of the future, independent of any negative, destructive influence, completely devoted to the concerns of humanity as a whole and desirous of putting the new wine into new bottles.

World Unity is for those who seek the universal outlook upon present developments of science, philosophy, religion, ethics and the arts. Its aim is to contribute to the new understanding which has become the price of human survival.

Editorial Announcement

World Unity, as its title implies, will endeavor to interpret and record those significant changes in present-day thought which mark the trend toward world-wide understanding and a humanized civilization able to release the finer aspirations of mankind.

Each issue will contain contributions representing a balance between the values of philosophy, science, religion, ethics and the arts—the vital fields of human effort and attainment.

The essential purpose of World Unity is to make accessible to awakened minds the views and conclusions of creative workers on subjects revealing the inner and true principles controlling the major movements of the age. Its pages will not be given up to merely abstract essays on the one hand, nor to programs representing political or economic propaganda on the other.

World Unity will maintain the following special departments:

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THE FIRST "PONSONBY-ACTION" IN GERMANY

During the months of May and June a public vote against war has been taken in the district of Zwickau, Saxony (action for refusing military

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and learns for the first time in his life of "The City of God," he is a different man, at least in the eyes of the reader. In this very scene, which is the climax of the book, Tinker takes on a dignity and even greatness, crude but none the less real, which are impressive. Suddenly it is manifest that the author likes this man, believes in him, is penetrating beneath his outward boorishness to the central core, which is that of a world master and world ruler, in the best sense of the words, like the Romans in their days of unspoiled valor. Tinker, whatever his faults, is big—big in vision, big in achievement, big in spirit. All others are subservient to him, not because they are better but because they are smaller!

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Announcement

We take pleasure in announcing herewith the publication of "The Outlawry of War," by Dr. Clayton T. Morrison, Editor of the *Christian Century*. This book is dedicated to Mr. S. O. Levinson, has been written in direct consultation with him, and thus represents an authoritative statement of the great peace program with which he is so indelibly associated as originator and advocate. It contains the added treasure of a notable introduction by Professor John Dewey, of Columbia.

"The Outlawry of War" will be reviewed later in these columns. Meanwhile, we commend this book earnestly to the immediate attention of our readers.

service), during which signatures were collected for a declaration as has been done in England for some months already upon the initiative of the former minister, Arthur Ponsonby. The action was inaugurated by the "Deutsche Friedensgesellschaft," "Deutsch Liga für Menschenrechte, Bund Entschiedener Schulreformer" and the "Reichsbund der Kriegsbeschädigten"; the organization was in the hands of Mr. Gerhart Seger, general secretary of the Deutsche Friedensgesellschaft, Berlin. The action was most extensively supported by the social-democratic faction of the district. It was opened by a message against military service and for general strike, signed by the former lieutenant-general, Oskar von St. Ange, and by numerous political leaders. All the inhabitants of the district over 16 years of age were admitted to give their signatures. Mass-meetings took place in 32 towns and 159 village-communities, out of a total of 438 towns and communities in the district, which means that the action was brought to 524,392 inhabitants. No definite figures are as yet available. At the beginning of July, however, about two-thirds of the lists distributed for collecting the signatures were returned to the management, containing 83,000 names of men and women who are willing in case of war to refuse military service and any sort of action supporting war. According to the percentage obtained in the towns where the lists have already been closed, it may be estimated that about 100,000 signatures will be collected. A special committee of the German Peace Cartel will arrange for similar actions in all parts of Germany, with the aim of creating one big front of all those who are not only animated by the platonic desire of "No more war," but also fully prepared to take an active part in fighting the danger of a future war.

(W.J.L.)

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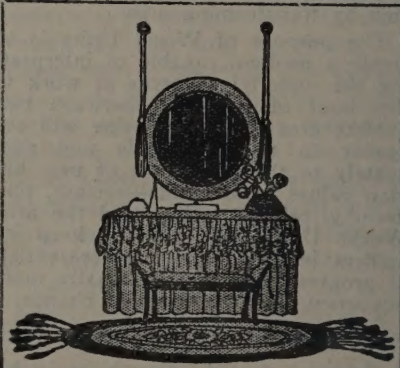

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